

A faithful hound with a broken brake

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A faithful hound with a broken brake

by [Bordementions](#)

Summary

Reader/ushi drunken care fluff

Notes

I like ushi

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The crackle of the nearby campfire was a continuous, defiant heartbeat against the ever present silence of the forest air, each spark a tiny, fleeting star against the sable blackness of night. You knelt before your servant, the flickering light painting her in shades of amber and shadow. The makeshift tent behind you offered little more than a symbolic barrier against the wilderness, but the flames, at least, held the deeper darkness at bay.

Your fingers, were gentle but firm, working with a practiced care, cleaning a long, angry gash that was carved against her bare side, just beneath the intricate gold and white harness that did little to truly protect her when it came to actually getting hit. Her skin was warm, almost feverish, under your touch; Perhaps still partially marred by adrenaline from the fight today, just earlier a desperate, snarling wave of men that had seemed to materialize from the forest gloom itself, intent on your lives.

Ushiwakamaru, however, seemed entirely undisturbed by her various wounds. A half-empty sake gourd rested precariously in her lap, and her dark eyes, usually so keenly focused in battle, were bright with a merry, alcohol-fueled haze. A delighted, slightly lopsided grin spread across her face as she watched you.

"Hah! Did you see them, My Lord?!" she slurred, her voice a triumphant, if somewhat wobbly, song. "They thought their numbers would overwhelm us! Fools, the lot of them! One look at your peerless Ushiwakamaru, and their courage shriveled like week-old grapes!" She punctuated this with a hearty swig from the gourd, some of it escaping to trace a glistening path down her chin.

You dipped a fresh cloth into the bowl of warmed water, tinged pink now, and pressed it carefully to a particularly nasty bruise blooming on her thigh. "You were magnificent, Ushi," you said, your voice a soft compared to her booming enthusiasm. "Truly. That whirlwind of slashes... it was like watching a storm descend." You reached out, almost involuntarily, and patted her head. Her black hair, usually tied back, was slightly mussed, a few strands clinging to her damp brow. She practically purred under the touch, leaning into your hand like a contented cat as your hand moved across, back and forth.

"Indeed, My Lord! The Tengu arts are not to be trifled with!" she preened, her chest puffing out, seeming more like an overzealous child than anything else. "And did you witness how I positioned myself? Always between you and those curs! Not a single one laid a filthy

hand upon you!" Her gaze was fixed on yours, wide and earnest, demanding affirmation.

"I noticed, Ushi," you confirmed, a small smile playing on your lips despite your concern. "You were a perfect shield. But this," you gestured to the gash on her side, which was deeper than you'd initially thought, "this is what happens when you're a reckless shield. You can't protect me if you let yourself get carved up like a festival boar." Your tone was scolding, but light, laced with an affection you couldn't quite hide.

She waved a dismissive hand, nearly unbalancing her gourd. "Bah! A scratch! A mere token from a vigorous dance! My body is a weapon, My Lord, and weapons are meant to be used! As long as you are unharmed, these little nicks are but proof of my devotion!" Her eyes shone with a fierce, unwavering light. "Refill, please, My Lord! My throat is dry from recounting such glorious victories!"

With an indulgent sigh, you took the gourd, noting how warm her hand was as your fingers brushed. You reached for the larger sake bottle nestled near the fire. The rich, sweet aroma of the alcohol filled the air as you poured. "You know," you said, handing the refilled gourd back to her, "for someone who claims these are 'little nicks,' you certainly have a lot of them."

You resumed your work, now carefully applying a soothing salve to the cleaned wounds. Her skin was so smooth, apart from the map of new injuries and older, faded scars that hinted at countless battles.

Ushiwakamaru took a long, happy gulp, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "Each one a testament to my loyalty, My Lord! A story etched in flesh, proclaiming Ushiwakamaru's unwavering dedication to her Master!" She leaned closer, her breath warm and sweet with sake, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial, yet utterly sincere, whisper. "I would gladly perish for you, My Lord. A thousand times over. Just say the word."

You paused, the cloth hovering over a cut on her shoulder, near the edge of her chest piece. The sheer, untempered sincerity in her voice was almost overwhelming. She didn't understand nuance, didn't grasp the weight such pronouncements carried in this modern era, or perhaps in any era when spoken with such raw intensity. "Ushi," you said softly, meeting her gaze. "I don't want you to perish. Not even once. I want you to be here, with me. Safe."

Her eyes widened slightly, a flicker of something unreadable—confusion? A dawning understanding?—passing through them before the drunken euphoria washed back in. "Of course, My Lord! I shall endeavor to remain exceptionally un-perished, then!" she declared brightly. "I will stay by your side. Always and forever! We shall face every battle together! We shall share every victory! And you shall always praise me, yes?" She tilted her head, another blatant, almost childlike plea for validation.

"Yes, Ushi," you chuckled, dabbing gently at the cut. "I'll always praise you when you're brilliant. And I'll scold you when you're reckless." You gave her another soft pat on the head. "And I'll keep patching you up, I suppose."

She beamed, a radiant, all-encompassing smile that made her seem so very happy, almost like the mischievous child she once described herself as. "Excellent! This is a most agreeable arrangement, My Lord!" She took another swig. "You know, My Lord, being here with you... it is... good." Her gaze drifted to the fire, then back to you, a soft, almost vulnerable expression briefly touching her features. "I never had... well. It does not matter. What matters is that I am your Servant. And you are my Master. The finest Master a warrior could dream of!"

The fire popped again, sending a fresh shower of embers into the night. You continued your ministrations, the rhythm of cleaning and bandaging. Ushi's drunken ramblings continued, a mix of battle boasts, declarations of absolute fealty, and surprisingly innocent questions about the world that you, her Master, represented. Each word, each glance, each shared breath seemed to bind her closer, a loyal, powerful, and utterly bewildering Servant, tethered to you by the whims of fate and the bonds of the Holy Grail War.

And as you worked, feeling the warmth of her skin under your hands, listening to her unfiltered heart pour out in the firelight, you couldn't deny a growing warmth in your own chest.

The flow of sake into her cup had slowed to a trickle under your careful stewardship, and with each diminishing refill, Ushiwakamaru's boasts, while still enthusiastic, began to lose their sharp edge, softening into contented murmurs. The firelight painted her features in hues of orange and red, and you could see the long day, the fierce battle, and the potent drink finally beginning to claim her. Her eyelids, usually so alert and wide, started to droop, her blinks becoming slower, longer.

“You are... the very best Master,” she mumbled, her voice now a soft rumble rather than a battlefield cry. She managed another swig from her cup, a smaller one this time, and a little sigh escaped her lips, a sound like air slowly deflating from a wineskin. “So kind... and you give such... wonderful headpats.” She tried to aim for another pat herself, but her hand flopped a bit listlessly into her lap. “Truly... a Master’s... touch...”

You finished tying off the last bandage around a particularly stubborn scrape on her knee, the silence in the tent growing thicker, punctuated only by the crackle of the fire and Ushi’s increasingly drowsy pronouncements. “All done, Ushi. You’re patched up. Now, how about some proper rest?”

She blinked at you slowly, as if your words were traveling a great distance to reach her. “Rest...?” she echoed. “Yes... rest is good. For... a good servant.” A small, sleepy smile touched her lips. “And I was... very good today, wasn’t I, Master?” Her need for validation, it seemed, would persist until the very threshold of unconsciousness.

“You were incredible, Ushi,” you whispered, your voice gentle. “The very best. Now, sleep.”

With a little sigh of utter contentment, as if your words were the final permission she needed, Ushiwakamaru’s posture began to sag. Her head lolled for a moment before she seemed to make a conscious, albeit clumsy, effort. She shifted, her movements slow and deliberate, turning slightly. Before you could quite register her intent, she leaned her full weight against you, her head finding a surprisingly comfortable nook on your shoulder, her hair soft against your cheek.

“Mmm... Master is... warm...” she murmured, her breath fanning across your neck, smelling of sake and the faint, wild scent that was uniquely hers. Her body relaxed completely against yours, a dead weight of trusting exhaustion. “So... safe...” One of her hands, lax in her lap, twitched, her fingers brushing against your arm. “Will... protect... Master...”

Her breathing deepened, evening out into the slow, rhythmic cadence of sleep. A tiny, almost inaudible snore escaped her lips, a surprisingly endearing sound from the fearsome warrior. You sat still, feeling the steady rise and fall of her chest against your side, the warmth of her presence a comforting anchor in the dark forest.

Carefully, so as not to disturb her, you reached up and stroked her

hair, your fingers tracing the line of her jaw. Her face, so animated and fierce in battle, looked quaint and unexpectedly vulnerable in sleep. The lines of tension around her eyes had smoothed out, and her lips were slightly parted. You brushed another stray strand of black silk from her forehead.

The fire popped, sending a fresh shower of sparks into the air, their brief incandescence swallowed by the oppressive darkness beyond your small haven. The sounds of the forest seemed to press in a little closer now that Ushi's voice was silent. You adjusted your position slightly, making sure she was secure and comfortable against you, her weight a familiar.

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Yeah, that was certainly apt.

End Notes

<https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz>

Hey we finally hit 100 members on disc tee hee 🎉🎉🎉

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